THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIGMUND DRACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1560.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

"Some say that dreams of a summer model,
Vast the rest in sleep, The dark is naked!
And that in shapes, the busy thoughts contemplate
Of those who wake and live."

I know not why I often dream of thee,
While not we are more, except in dreams.
Is it that then, for o'er the eternal sea,
And o'er the rending depths of heavenly steamer,
Dost visit me in sleep, with starry glance
Of thy divine abode? You may whose bread
Incessantly homeward with kindling beams.)
Unsay and illusionary shade of the blest,
Perchance may be thy home, of calm and peaceful rest.

We two were parted in life's morning hours,
While yet there drew upon one young hearts lay
Of those were cold shades to the elysian bowers
While I have wandered on life's weary way,
Meeting with bonds and thorns, to charm away
Those early grief. And I have mourned for thee,
When seated on a rose, old and grey,
We watched the dew-drops falling from the hill,
While vague love-shadowing thoughts our youthful bosoms fill.

I acted by our own lovers, we looked around
A stranger had hastened near us, whose bright wings
Excited our amazement o'er the dewy ground.
Then roaring repeated in expansive rings,
Borrowing the laughter of Earth's evening song.
He passed beyond the vale. And then didst thou
Leave the old chaos, which I do linger long,
Toward the aspiring spirit. Then couldst not bow.
Upto unto Heaven thy bright and joyful brow.

Sometimes then how I was tempted in my lot!
How ofte the time, with eyes of Heaven's own bliss
Beheld in contrast, not to be forgot,
Our common doom. Our years were sad and few;
But we were old in sorrow. The thought
Distracted on that lone shore where lost we parted—
With an exalted motion of the head, " and I desire some. You are very young, Miss Glenmore," continued she, in a more condescending tone, "and have probably seen very little of the world. You will find me ready to overlook all slight errors, provided I find a desire to please, and an earnest attention to the duties that devolve upon you."

"I will endeavor not to tax your forbearance too much, madam, notwithstanding my inexperience," replied Eoline, the tears that started even to her eyelids, at the patronizing, humbling manner of Mrs. Manly. "I will try to learn how much pride there was in her look and accent, but Miss Manly was—and remembered it, too.

"And now, Miss Salina," cried the principal, "we will commence the duties of the school, that we always mingle with the grosser elements that render us unfit for the communion of the material frame. Can you tell me the subject of conversation selected for this evening?"

"I think it is the 'Influence of Beauty,'" replied Salina.

"You are right. It is a *grave* subject, and I hope it will be discussed in a manner worthy of its merits."

Then commencing with the young Miss on her right, she was required to mention some subject connected with philosophy, history, or literature. As they were obliged to prepare themselves to recite from a book, and a blank in the Doomsday Book, as the subjects named the weekly report, was the inevitable punishment of delay or neglect, Eoline will not keep you waiting, but commence with the first subject—"Thales that then go, and so farther," was the language of her lips, eyes and gestures. But Cassius might as well have attempted to restrain the rolling billows of the main, as human nature in the breast of Magnolia Vale, the heroine of the juvenile mind. They must be wisely directed—not too forcibly repressed. Like the growing tree springing up by the side of a restoring wall, the branches denied room on one side will only shoot out with more wanton luxuriance on the other.

When Eoline's turn came, in regular succession, the bell-like voice of Miss Manly arose upon her face.

"I think Peter the greatest of all great heroes," she said, modestly, "because he overcame the greatest natural defects—he had the strongest will."

"Miss Glenmore, young ladies," said Miss Manly, with a stately bow.

Eoline gently inclined her head, suffering her eye to pass down the living line, meeting so many bashful smiles and stolen glances, which smarch partially melted the chill of Miss Manly's cold and formal greeting. She smiled in return. Eoline had the sweetest smile in the world, and it completed the conquest her beauty had begun. The young Misses were not allowed to speak at table, unless addressed by their teachers or Uncle Ben, but they had a telegraphic mode of communication, peculiar to school girls, by which they interchanged ideas with astonishing rapidity. Before Uncle Ben had finished saying *grace*, the word " angel" had run along at least a dozen pair of fingers, commenced by the one at the head of the table.

Ever Uncle Ben, who stood more in awe of Miss Manly than all the rest, was willing to acknowledge, had become expert in the use of the dead and dumb alphabet, and the suspicion of sly winks and nods was banished. It had not long before he had made all in his neighborhood aware of his superiority in discerning the signs of the blacksmith, after the labors of the day. It surprised swallowed it in a corner of the blanket to the great astonishment of the boys, and many hours to avail and get rid of the criterion.

The appointed seat was between Selina Howard and darling of her heart, and their mutual chances of delight as the fair stranger glided in between them.

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

KOSSUTH.

We have given up in despair. It is impossible to keep up with the sayings, doings and receptions of Kossuth. How can we chronicle the voluminous proceedings of two banquets, and about a dozen Committees of Congratulation and Honor—and give all the other news besides?

Suffice it to say that there was a Congressional Banquet, at which Kossuth spoke in his eloquent and enthusiastic way—manifesting his usual unsurpassed tact by pleading for intervention in spirit, while he scrupulously abstained in words. And Webster, Cass, and Douglass spoke—all sympathising with Hungary and her cause. The first endorsing his old speeches in reference to Greece, and advocating the doctrine of National Independence for all nations. Messrs. Cass and Douglass going further, and advocating a declaration by the United States of the principle that no Government has a right to interfere with the internal quarrels of another—not committing themselves positively, however, to an armed enforcement of the doctrine; but leaving that question to be settled hereafter. Mr. Seward also spoke, saying, that when the distinguished Secretary of State should have gone his length, and the Senator from Illinois should have gone his breadth, and the Senator from Michigan his tether, he should be found at their side for Hungary and for liberty in Europe.

The speech of Mr. Cass was quite an enthusiastic one. In the couse of it he used the following language:—

> I will say, that he who is not willing to respond, and in an effectual manner, to this cry of Liberty from the Old Hemisphere—his heart does not feel like mine. [Applause.] No, my fellow citizens, no! I am for the largest liberty for the largest number over the whole face of the earth. [Applause.] My friends who do not agree in that sentiment, have no feeling in common with me. Now, I am willing to say and maintain, that those despotic powers of Europe, when they put their hand upon Hungary, and marched the Cossack and the Panduer upon the Danube to put down the first flame of liberty, they offended against all laws of nations, recognized throughout the civilized world. * * * Every independent nation under Heaven has a right to establish just such a Government as it pleases. And if the oppressed of any nation wish to throw off their shackles, they have the right to, without the interference of any other; and the land which was first freed by the Father of his Country, may sympathize with every other nation which unfurls the banner of freedom. [Applause.]
>
> I am willing, as a member of Congress, to pass a declaration to-morrow, in the name of the American people, maintaining that sentiment. [Great cheering.]

Mr. Douglass said that whether he would interfere in any case would depend upon the circumstances. He would never enter into an alliance with England to repress the Autocrat of Russia, until she should have done justice to Ireland. Before interfering, he would consider the consequences to follow, and the principles involved. There might be a case in which it would be necessary to our own safety to interfere.

At the celebration of the Eighth of January by the Jackson Democratic Association, Kossuth also spoke, and was responded to by Messrs. Cass, Douglass, Lane and others. Mr. Douglass favored the extension of our supremacy over the entire Continent and the Islands adjacent. It strikes us that this, in addition to the Armed Interference against Austria and Russia, would be a pretty large day's work for a nation that does not particularly like heavy taxation.

The following remarks of Kossuth on the same occasion, are truly Christian and eloquent:

> I received, during my brief stay in England, some one hundred and thirty addresses, from cities and associations, all full of the warmest sympathy for my country's cause, which you so generously support. That sympathy was accorded to me notwithstanding my frank declaration that I am a Republican, and that my country, restored to independence, can be nothing else but a Republic. Now, indeed, this is a fact extremely gratifying to every true friend of progress in the development of public sentiment, highly proving that the *People* is everywhere honorable, just, noble and good; and do you know, gentlemen, which of those numerous addresses was the most glorious and gratifying to me? It was that in which I heard your Washington praised, and sorrow expressed that it was England which opposed that glorious cause upon which is founded the noble fame of that great man; and it was the addresses, and numerous they were, indeed, in which hope and resolution were expressed, that England and the United States, forgetting the sorrow of the past, will, indeed, in brotherly love, go hand in hand to support the eternal principles of international law and of freedom on earth. Yes, indeed, sir, you were right to say that the justice of your struggle, which took out of England's hand a mighty continent, is openly acknowledged even by the English people itself. The memory of the glorious day of New Orleans must, of course, recall to your mind the memory of wrongs against which you so gloriously fought. Oh, let me entreat you, bury the hatred of past ages in the grave, where all the crimes of the past lie buried with the smouldering ashes of those who sinned, and take the glorious opportunity to benefit the great cause of humanity. One thing let me tell you, gentlemen, people and governments are different things in such a country as Great Britain is. It is sorrowful enough that the people have often to pay for what the government received. Let it not be said in history that even the United States made a kindred people pay for what its government received, and remember that you can mightily react upon the public opinion of the people of Britain, and that the people of Britain can react upon the course of its own government. It were a very great misfortune to see the government of Great Britain pushed by irritation, to side with absolutistical powers against the oppressed nations about to struggle for independence and liberty. Even Ireland could only lose by this, and besides its own loss, this could, perhaps, be just the decisive blow against liberty; whereas, the government of England, let it be as it is, uniting in the direction not to allow foreign interference with our struggles on the Continent, would become almost a sure guarantee of the victory of those struggles; and according as circumstances stand, this would be, indeed, the most practical benefit to the noble people of Ireland also, because freedom, independence, and the principles of Nature's law, could not fail to benefit their own cause, which so well merits the sympathy of every just man, and has also the sympathy, I know it, of the better half of England itself. Hatred is no good counsellor, gentlemen. The wisdom of love is a better one. What people has suffered more than my poor Hungary has from Russia? Shall I hate the people of Russia for it? Oh, never! I have but pity and Christian brotherly love for it. It is the government, it is the principle of the government, which makes every drop of my blood boil—which must fall if Hungary shall live. We were for centuries in war against the Turks, and God knows what we have suffered by it. But past is past. Now we have a common enemy. Thus we have a common interest. A mutual esteem and love rules where our fathers have fought.

In relation to the recent vote in France, Kossuth acknowledges that his prediction made in this city, has failed. He says:

> There are some consoling, some life-giving hope for the future, but some there are indeed very sorrowful. I must confess one thing. I had not expected that of which I received news yesterday—that the French nation has indeed given its vote, and pronounced for the maintenance of the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. I had expected that perhaps the majority of the people would pronounce by a protestation of silence, by not partaking in the vote. There my expectations prove not to be true. Well, I have not the arrogance to believe that I can read events on every page of destiny.

On the 9th, the great Hungarian, in company with Mr. Cass, visited Henry Clay.

Notwithstanding his great debility, Mr. Clay addressed Kossuth in a speech of half-an-hour in length, frankly deprecating the policy of intervention as the greatest calamity which could befal this country. He said that, as the possessors of the only existing Republic, the example of man's capacity for self-government, it was the duty of the American people to encourage human progress and prosperity on this continent, which might be destroyed by foreign wars, involving in their fall all hopes of free institutions. These were, he said, the sentiments of a dying man who had struggled for freedom.

Kossuth, in his reply, did not combat Mr. Clay's positions, but confined himself to the prospects of Hungary and the situation of France, believing that events in the latter country would terminate in civil war, and, perhaps, in a general revolution.

At parting, Mr. Clay rose and bade Kossuth farewell forever, wishing him a God-speed for Hungarian independence as the reward of the noble efforts of her people. Kossuth responded with emotion, saying that he would pray God daily for Mr. Clay's restoration to health and usefulness. Both were deeply moved, and the scene was touching and solemn. Mr. Clay was very favorably impressed with Kossuth, as regarded mind and manner. Only four spectators were present. Mr. Clay will yet speak or write his opinion on this important subject. The effort of receiving Kossuth has exhausted him somewhat. In other respects, he has gained lately.

Kossuth has received deputations from a number of States, inviting him to visit them. He left Washington for Annapolis on last Monday, and was to be in Harrisburg on Tuesday, and in Pittsburg on Friday. Wherever he goes, may he find warm and sympathizing hearts—and cool heads.

PEACE AND WAR.

> "I love no peace which is not fellowship,
> And which includes not mercy. I would have
> Rather, the raking of the guns across
> The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave.
> Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse,
> Of dying men and horses, and the wave
> Blood-bubbling."

Thus eloquently preaches in heroic verse Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and thus preach hundreds of others, who heretofore have earnestly contended for the great and Christian cause of peace.

They say:—We would rather have for a time the bloody deluge of war, in order that we may have afterwards a peace worthy of the name—full of popular intelligence, equal laws, and all earthly beatitude. Granted—it would be better. But you forget the essential point in the matter—you argue as if a true and beautiful peace would necessarily emerge from the bloody deluge of a great European war. While this is the very point to be proved—the very consummation which we and others doubt.

Look at the past. Certain is it that the cause of European liberty flourished more vigorously and healthfully during the long peace preceding the outbreaks of 1848, than it has done since. The battle between Liberty and Slavery was going grandly in favor of the former, in the great peaceful field of opinion and of thought; but, since it has been transferred to bloodier battle fields, Despotism has, in appearance, regained much of the ground which, in more tranquil times, it had lost.

Suppose that Europe, for the next twenty years, is turned into one vast aceldama—one great field of blood. Will the people become more intelligent and more virtuous, and thereby better fitted for self-government? Will they learn a greater respect for law, and a greater abhorrence of the rule of the strong hand? Will twenty years in field and camp, fit them for republican institutions, and a peace made up of all that is free, orderly, beautiful and heavenly? Or, will it fit them for such rule as soldiers are accustomed to—imperative command, unquestioning and unhesitating obedience, the trial by court-martial, instead of the trial by jury, and the unlimited rule of one man, instead of self-government by duly elected representatives? It would be well for some of those who, not many years ago, were among the most earnest asserters of the wisdom and beauty of peace—and are now among the maddest advocates of war—to think of these things. It might be well for Europe to wade through rivers of blood to obtain Liberty—but suppose she only obtains a darker and drearier Despotism? This is a view, we think, worthy of some consideration.

PROPER SELF-RESPECT.

The London "Leader" recently addressed one of its contemporaries in the following language:—

> The paper that has no circulation is so maddened with impotent rage, because we will not elevate it to the dignity of our contempt, that its wriggling contortions are immensely ludicrous. It tries in vain to provoke us. We have already said that with it, and the like of it, we refuse to fight. In days of duelling no gentleman condescended to fight with an antagonist whose position did not entitle him to the satisfaction. The pen has replaced the sword; but the old principle still remains. Let the ——— learn to respect *the elementary rules of morality*, let it gain a *position* in journalism, and we will not then refuse to meet it. Till then we refuse to recognize it.

The philosophy of the above is sound and clear. The attacks of an adversary who has no position or character, are best met ofttimes with silent contempt. If an editor cannot write his paper into notice, why should you be called upon to do it for him? By descending to a controversy—and the flinging of mud is about the only controversy which such men can carry on—you put yourself on an equality with him. The proper mode of treating such assailants, as a general rule, is to "let them alone severely"—and their slanders, like curses, "will go home to roost."

PALMERSTON'S RESIGNATION.

The most important news from England since our last, is the resignation of Lord Palmerston. Curiously enough, this is said to be owing to two rather contradictory positions assumed by that veteran statesman:—The first in favor of Kossuth and Hungary, and the second in high commendation of Louis Napoleon's usurpation. The "London Times" says:—

> It was Lord Palmerston's misfortune, if it were not his fault, to have excited among the elder statesmen of Europe a degree of hostility and distrust which exaggerated all his defects and denied all his merits. Nor, on the other hand, could much reliance be placed by the liberal party on his attempts to second their efforts for the establishment of constitutional government; for we believe that his very last act in power was to express his unqualified approbation of the French *coup d'etat*.

Lord Palmerston has generally been regarded with favor by the liberal party of England, but if he approved the late arbitrary measures of Louis Napoleon, we see not how the friends of freedom can continue their confidence in him. His resignation is nevertheless unfavorable to the prospects of Hungary, for his colleagues, while they could not sanction his approval of the French usurpation, were also unwilling to sever the connection with England's ancient ally, Austria. How sympathy with Hungary, and approbation of Louis Napoleon's usurpation, can exist together in any statesman's mind, it would puzzle a sober, common-sense intellect to perceive.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

We see it stated, as another proof of the fact that Louis Napoleon's strength does not lie among the middle and higher classes of France, but among the working people—that, out of 86 Departments, only one Council General had declared in favor of the usurpation, while five have protested against it. Yet that these same Councils were not opposed to his lawful Presidency, is proven by the fact that they had almost unanimously recommended a revision of the Constitution, in order to allow of his re-election. In the same way, out of 37,000 Communes, only a few hundred have signified their approval of the usurpation. These facts almost conclusively prove that it is the great mass of the ignorant peasantry who have swelled up such an enormous vote in justification of Louis Napoleon's perjury and treason; and almost lead us to infer that universal suffrage is conducive to tyranny or freedom, just in proportion to the mental and moral elevation of the people.

THE LANTERN. Such is the title of a new periodical of the "Punch" class, recently commenced in New York. The first number is so-so, though better than we expected to see. The proprietors ask their readers not to give a final judgment at present, on account of the difficulties besetting a new enterprise—and this being a very reasonable request, we shall not cry out at present, as we might otherwise be inclined to do, in French revolutionary style, "*a la Lanterne.*"

LEAP YEAR.—Our lady friends, who wish to get married, will bear in mind that this is a Leap Year—when, by a time-honored custom, they are fully justified in bringing a long and indefinite courtship to a close, by plumply "popping the question" themselves.

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No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
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THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 5th, it being the day of Kossuth's presentation, the Chamber was thronged at an early hour—ladies being admitted within the bars.

Madame Kossuth entered the Chamber, leaning on the arm of Mr. Gwin. They were immediately followed by Count Pulszky, accompanied by the other ladies of Gov. Kossuth's suite, all of whom were conducted to seats.

Mr. Cooper presented a number of remonstrances against the transmission of mails on the Sabbath.

At one o'clock, Messrs. Shields, Seward and Cass entered the Chamber, accompanied by Kossuth, who was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Shields.

The appearance of Kossuth was the signal for a murmur of applause from the galleries, which, however, was immediately suppressed.

Mr. Shields, addressing the President, said—

"Mr. President:—We have the honor to introduce Louis Kossuth to the Senate of the United States."

The President, (Mr. King,)—"Louis Kossuth: we welcome you to the Senate of the United States. The committee will conduct you to the seat which I have ordered to be prepared for you."

The Senators then rising, Kossuth advanced, accompanied by the committee, to the seat placed in front of the Secretary's desk, and sat down.

Mr. Mangum—"Mr. President, in order that Senators and all others may have an opportunity of paying their respects to the illustrious guest, I move that the Senate now adjourn."

The motion was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

The crowd then advanced, and were introduced to Kossuth by Messrs. Seward and Shields. The ceremony of introduction lasted a couple of hours.

On the 6th, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Navy Department, enclosing a memorial of the seamen and petty officers of the United States Squadron on the Pacific coast, asking for increased compensation.

He also presented the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, which on motion of Mr. Hunter, was ordered to be printed, ten thousand copies ordered, and the Report referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Seward presented a petition from citizens of Rochester, asking protection for American inventors, against invasions of their rights in the British Provinces.

Mr. Bradbury moved, and all the memorials on the files of the Senate asking remuneration for French spoliations, were taken from the files and referred to the Select Committee on that subject.

Mr. Fish presented a number of petitions, asking that the charges levied upon them as exhibitors at the late World's Fair, in London, may be paid.

Mr. Hunter, from the Finance Committee, reported back the House bill, appropriating $5,000 for the repair of the damages caused by the late fire in the Congressional Library, with an amendment appropriating $10,000 for the purchase of books. Amendment agreed to, and the bill passed.

The resolution authorizing a contract with Messrs. Donaldson & Armstrong, for printing the Census Returns, was taken up. After debate, postponed.

The Chair laid before the Senate the following message from the President, which was read and referred to the Committee on Finance:

To the Senate of the United States:—I transmit to the Senate a Report of the Secretary of State, relative to the prisoners belonging to the expedition of Lopez, who were taken prisoners in Cuba, and afterwards sent to Spain, and who have now been pardoned and released by Her Catholic Majesty. The appropriation, the expediency of which is suggested in the Report, I cordially commend to the consideration of Congress, with the single additional suggestion, that to be available it should be promptly made.

(Signed) MILLARD FILLMORE.
January 5th, 1852.

The despatch of Mr. Barringer, which accompanied the Secretary's Report, contains nothing but what has already appeared in the papers, in relation to the release of the prisoners.

On the 7th, Mr. Clemens presented the petition of William Scott Payne, one of the commanders in the Lopez expedition, praying Congress to equip a vessel to proceed to Spain to bring home the pardoned Americans. It was referred to the committee on foreign relations.

Mr. Sumner presented petitions from Boston, praying that the charges upon the American exhibition at the late World's Fair be paid by the United States.

Messrs. Wade and Brodhead presented memorials of persons whose claims were rejected by the late board of claims against Mexico, asking the establishment of a new board.

Mr. Fish presented the resolutions of the government of New York city, tendering to the United States a lot of ground in that city upon which to erect a mint. Referred to the financial committee.

Other petitions and memorials were presented, and reports made.

Mr. Gwin moved that the petition, praying a restoration of flogging in the navy, be taken from the table and referred to the committee on naval affairs.

Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, made a long and able speech against the restoration of the flogging system. From his having been one of our most active naval officers, his speech had great effect. He said that the great thing in organizing a navy, was to procure good common sailors. The nation whose service is supplied with the best common sailors, will excel in naval warfare as well as in all maritime pursuits. I am further of the opinion that in sensibility, education, courage, and industry, our sailors in the whaling and coasting service excel those of all other nations. I am furthermore of the opinion that the superiority of the American sailors has decided the battle in our favor in many a bloody conflict, when without that superiority it might have been otherwise. I desire to secure and preserve that superiority. To that end, and for humanity's sake, I am utterly and irreconcilably opposed to the use of the lash in the navy or any where else. The longest, most arduous voyages, are made in the merchant service, without the use of the lash. In the polar seas, among the icebergs of the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, the intrepid New Englander pursues his gigantic game, and hurls his harpoon, and after a three years' voyage, returns with the only spoils of his adventurous navigation. But he owes none of his success, his patient endurance, his exemplary discipline, and indefatigable industry, to the guardian ministrations of the lash. To say that men can make such voyages and endure such hardships, cheerfully and contentedly, and cannot navigate their own national ships without the infliction of the infamous lash, is a libel. The theory that the navy cannot be governed, and that our national ships cannot be navigated, without the use of the lash, seems to be founded on that false idea—that sailors are not men, not American citizens—have not the common feelings, sympathies, and honorable impulses of our Anglo-American race. I do not wonder when I look back on the past history of the sailor, at the prevalence of this idea. His life has been a life of national, I will not say of systematic, degradation. The officers who command him, the oldest, bravest, and best, have been accustomed from their boyhood to see the sailor lashed about the ship's deck like a brute. He who by the laws of the service to which he is engaged, is treated, or liable to be treated, like a brute, soon comes to the thought of as at least but little better than a brute. Who in social life respects a man whose back has been scored at a whipping-post? Into what depth of contempt does such punishment sink its victim? And here is one of the worst evils of the system. It destroys those feelings of respect and kindness which officers ought to entertain for the sailors under their command. But this is only one of the worst evils of the system. It destroys the feelings of regard and respect which sailors should entertain for their officers. The truth is, there are no relations of affection and regard between them. The one is the oppressor, the other the oppressed. A man may fear or hate, but he never loves nor respects his tyrant. The worst government upon earth is that of fear; the best that of love and affection. Those sentiments, by the law of our nature, must be mutual sentiments. Bonaparte was the idol of the soldiers, because the soldier was his idol. They loved him because they supposed he loved them. There is nothing that gallant men will not do or suffer for a commander whom they love. The infamous practice of torture now only remains as a blot on the page of Anglo-Saxon history. The whipping-post, where the worst vagrants used to expiate their offences, has been discarded from society. The worst offences in our State Prisons are no longer

[illegible]

THE TREASURY REPORT.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 10.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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FEBRUARY, 1852.

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Selected Poetry.

A VILLAGE TALE.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

The rocks are moving in the deep,
As on the world day;
The great sea heaving, surface deep,
Is heaving, heaving away;
And Faye's dog howls under gate,
And Agnes's goats cry—
Yeah hath gone to watch her mate
Will Lacey come nigh?

The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same;
And yet I miss the feeling now,
That comes by use of name.
It seems as if to me the smile
The comfort, and the joy,
And all I could be glad to share,
Must Lacey's not have by.

A year—it seems but yesterday—
When in this very door
The sound—and did mine running back,
To my good-bye once more:
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said—
Ah! little did we think—nay or dream—
And Lacey would be dead!

How all comes back—the happy times,
Before our father died—
When, blow'd with him, we knew no woes,
Nor knew a wish denied!
His loss, and all our struggles on,
And then worst-stroke of all,
Your home, too poor to shelter it,
That one as best must go.

How often in a blessed shore you,
Have sung I was mistook from that
From which she did not shrink!
And when I wish that I had gone,
And knew the wish so all for a figure,
And nay, she might leave tired, I think—
How sad must grief be!

I dread to be alone, for then,
Before my returning eyes,
Her long fair hair, her waving hand,
Destroy before me rise;
Have rush like a bright dream the road—
I watch I disappear—
Hear her "Good-by, sister!" and "good-bye,"
Still linger in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived,
It would not have been with grudging life
Or, if God will had taken her,
She would have died with us.
She would have had kind looks, food words,
Around her dying bed;
Our hands to press her dying hand,
To warm her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought;
Poor girl of a day she went away
And neither of us brought;—
Of how she must have wished one face
That was not strange, to see—
Have longed one moment to have sat
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream—
I think that she is back
Beside our own old village church,
Where we so often played;
And I run on with green grass,
And with her we shall lie,
And then where the city's noise,
And thronging feet go by.

Nay—mother—weep not so,
God judgeth all things well,
And from a world of pain and woe,
He took her to His rest.
Why should we wish her back again?
She is not dead, but sleeps;
Let us then rather pray God's love,
Ere long to join her there.

Selected Sketch.

THE "ROMANCE" OF SEA-LIFE.

We personally know something of the sea, of sailors, and of their life, both ashore and afloat, both in the forecastle and the cabin, both abroad and at home. We know also that there is a marvellously prevalent notion among landsmen, that a sailor's life is the most romantic of existence, and that he is himself a very romantic personage individually. We know that the mere name of "sea," or "ship," or "sailor," excites emotion in the breasts of novel-reading lads, and adventurous youths in general. There seems to be an inherent witchery in the very idea of the "glad waters of the dark-blue sea," that this has been eminently the case ever since the popular songs of Dibdon and others, portraying sailors in such colors that they cannot recognize themselves, and also by certain modern fictions, which, however admirable as works of art, carry anything but a true impression of the real work-a-day life of the gallant, but plain, honest fellows who man England's wooden walls. In the books to which we refer, being which can throw a charm over the sea—everything which tends to impress the reader with a vague idea that sailors are a separate race of mortals, with most functional habits, and fortunes infinitely dearer upon; but the stern, homely, matter-of-fact, monotonous life that, lead, is carefully left in the background of civilization, and to be a very slight and derogative manner. Can we wonder, therefore, that boys of active imaginations are alarmingly attracted by such an idealized profession? So enthralling is the love of the sea thus generated, that a good authority declares that he has known youths who could not hear the creaking of a block used in hoisting sugar to the upper floor of a grocer's warehouse, without their imaginations being fired with vivid dreams of ships and the ocean—a place let a sleighing hammer impressed with a longing for the sea, as soon as they were grounded, and the very means you adopt to check his discontent fancy, will only strengthen and confirm it. Let his case is precisely that of the boy. Their youth falling passionately in love with a maiden whom he has never seen!

We can give a case in point in which we were personally concerned. About eight years ago, we ourselves were guilty of writing a six-penny copy of which fell into the hands of a boy, a first-cousin of ours. He told us that he had read it over and over, till he knew it by heart, and nothing would serve him but he must go to sea. His parents were distressed, and we had a long interview with him, and did our utmost to disabuse his mind of the romantic notions which our own book alone had created. All in vain! He would believe his own wild impression from our fiction, rather than our sober, truthful real-sense advice. He went a short first voyage in a ship, and on his return frankly told us that had he known what a hard, harsh life a sailor really had to lead, he would never have quitted land.

"But," said he, "I shall be laughed at if I give it up now! I am a sailor for life, and I go through that book of yours!"

He was then persuaded to apprenticeship to a merchantman, but the mate treated him so cruelly that he deserted to a man-of-war, and, if living, he is probably out in the navy still.

The two great classes of boys who go to sea, are those who have fanciful romantic notions concerning it, and long to realize them; and those who are sent by their friends as a means to reform them of bad habits. Of the two, the latter class generally make the best sailors; the others are too much imbued at the reality, too heart-broken at the utter annihilation of all their fair dreams, to take kindly and well to their rough calling. There are, of course, numerous exceptions in both classes; and of the former, many ships find that, as a rule, learn to become good sailors out of sheer desperation and stubborn resolution to make the best of a bad game, rather than acknowledge themselves to be woefully deceived.

Let us not be misunderstood. We ourselves enthusiastically loved the sea when young, and love it now to boot, and to a very large degree. It is a noble profession, that of the wild waters' mastery, but it is emphatically one of the hard, set, work-paid, and most severe. Yes, young readers of Fenimore Cooper, we say it in right down prosaic earnest, and we know that it is not set on a yard in a buttrance. We say, moreover, that sailors themselves are, with very few exceptions, the most prosaic and matter-of-fact among mortals. You may swear at this; but one week, one day, even one hour at sea in a foul sea-service would purge confidence you that we are speaking advisedly. Let truth be spoken above all things. A sailor's life brings him in occasional contact with sublime manifestations of the Divine Power, but he thinks regards them. His duties absorb all his attention, and those of his watch and months lead to dullest and most unexciting life conceivable.—Day after day the same monotonous round of common-place duties are exacted with iron discipline. Work, work, nothing but work, and

* We may, perhaps, except a few of Dibdon's best songs; but the actual fact is, that the songs which are really sung on shipboard are as different from Dibdon's as it is possible to conceive. The songs which sailors love to sing are dogrel, without a spark of imagination. It has been said that Dibdon's songs "created the navy in war-time more than a dozen press-gangs. Yes, but the songs did not cause sailors to ship but only landsmen.

and a minute spent in idleness. It is all very well to read, to young gentlemen, to sit with your feet on a cushion fender, and about your pipe and cushion and highly-wrought descriptions of nautical adventure, but we will tell you that not one of these is felt to be anything but ordinary work by those who actually perform them. There is nothing, very, delightful in the hauling and of running up and down ladders like a lively monkey, and hauling rough ropes till your hands are blistered, and then having them smeared with tar, and when these trials conserve directly their own end—however, but what they are—and when the whole of your time is taken up in the intervals between shifting sails; nor is there much opportunity there in the act of reading and sitting mates and yards, and washing decks and having rigging.

Here, young landsmen, mind, that your pretensions have at length yielded in your female estimation that you have for a sailor, and you are regularly appreciated in an Real Jollitude. The dream of your life, the cherished prayer of your heart, is fulfilled. You are your own at one dreary decks with thrilling feelings—proud and glowing anticipations and enthusiasm. The sky smiles, and for a day or so you see no end to the day duty, and too much a piece of mere busine to have much room for thought. Then comes the storm; and you are unceremoniously hitched below to weigh it out as you may. On the morning of the second day you find yourself installed in the first-mate's room, which happens to be the morning-watch, from 4 to 8 A. M., and are called on deck. You stagger up, feeling very much like a drunken man, and find it a fine Summer morning, with a steady breeze, and the ship is calmly gliding along on a tent-bowling. You have no heart to look much above you, but you see that every soul on deck is at work. You all hovers on the horizon, and you wonder for the next moment a rope's end is smartly laid across your shoulders, and the mate, with an oath, asks you whether you have shipped to sit for a figure-head, and the sailors chuckle, and the ship-boys work and grin, and pull and haul together. You rub your shoulders in amazement, and think of your room elsewhere at home, and how little busy. The mate calls you a miserable milksop, and you are in cringe the tar off a seam of the deck instantly, and you feel your self-consequence that if you don't mind what you are about you will receive a "dozen" instead of a "round dozen" too. You don't know what bosun and boson means on shipboard; but you do know that your self while hauls of the mate's oath are gracing the slash of the rough scraper, and very plainly is a new schools, and you mentally think there is very little romance in the operation. Four bells strike,—8, A. M.—and the word is given to rig the hand-spike, and wash down the decks. The sailors roughly call you to bear a hand; and you have a to pump away, and to take off your shoes and stockings, and paddle with naked feet among the cold water surging over the decks. Then comes the holy-stoning part; and you are set to haul about the "bible"—as sailors profanely call the large stone—and to kneel and rub away with "prayer-books"—small hand-stones—till you fancy it is just the sort of work your mother's kitchen-maid is used to, and you are thankful none of your friends see you engaged at it, and you are very certain there isn't a bit of romance in it. This lasts till eight bells, and then you go to breakfast with what appetite you may.

Four hours later you are summoned on deck again; and the mate puts you and hands at the stunt, and one orders you to do this, and another to do that, and all come at you by your awkwardness and stupidity, and you are pelted by boatswain and frightened, and a picture of misery. The long watch seems to you, "all—full, you, sir!" cries he, "—stability again, are you? I'll polish you! Take that bucket of slush, and go and rub decks the royal-mast. And mind what you do, for my eye is on you!"

You have a bucket of tar and grease and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and receive about both. How you ever get to your wet-and-clean and upright, nor have an subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about, but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is beginning to make a sailor of you. He sends an experienced ship-boy aloft to look after you, and that youth grins at you from time to time, and you feel that you are getting on. You are able-bey to captain, has duties which fully occupy every minute of his time—hard duties, often finding, exposure, and very great responsibility, consideration, and proffidence, yields to the boy. The hero of a tale of sea-life never indulges in romantic fancies of any kind. His life and conversation, whether afloat or ashore, are as matter-of-fact as those of a lady or tailor-chandler. He lives a life of extreme hardship, toil, and privation; and the reason he follows the sea all his days is very frequently because three or four years of sea-life totally unfit him for any other calling.

What we have thus briefly written is the unvarnished truth, and if it behoves any youth to harass our be rashly and unwittingly embraces the sea as a profession, owing to exaggerated and false notions of the romantic connected with it, we shall be glad: but, if it, with his eyes open to the entire inconvenience and coercion that there is no romance in regular daily life at sea, although there is plenty of all kinds of hard work, he should still persist in going to sea, we can only say, why, he heartily say to him: "God speed you! you are the stuff to make a sailor!"

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES

"I tell John he's too honest."

"Ah, how so?"

"Why, he has lost me many a good bargain, because he will tell me about everything he knows about the lot he's selling."

"That's unlucky."

"Yes; now, when you are jostling off your bay, you don't don't yourself inside to tell the man to look out and get in; whether or not you had a little sprinkle of rain upon it, or whether the lot will rot or will not grow."

"Certainly not."

"If you did, you wouldn't get your price for it."

Returning to our city in one of our Eastern trains of cars, a few mornings since, after a short absence, we overheard two gentlemen on the platform of the car discussing with great energy the dialogue commenced above. We felt under no obligation to put our fingers in our ears, and we were fascinated by more of the same sort.

"Now," continued the first speaker, "I tell John, when a customer is looking at a case of goods, he isn't obliged to dig up every pair in the lot, and display to him every flaw in the leather, and every slip of the lining, and inconsistency of the thread, and all that. If he wants to get a customer, he must put the best foot of the article he can, and he may be sure the purchaser will make allowance enough for defects."

"Precisely so."

"I want to make that boy understand the matter. It's just so with all that family. It runs in the blood. His father before him had to be taught the same thing. He never has a talk with me, but I think of him. John won't tell anything but what is necessary to make a trade; he won't put the article he can, and he may be sure the purchaser will make allowance enough for defects."

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"What do you keep him for?"

"Well, I've thought a good many times I should get rid of him, but you see I can trust him entirely; I can leave him in charge of the thing between him and me. I always know what to depend upon where John is concerned. He'd sell his own father, if he thought he could get a few he'd cheat me out of a mill. But I have to keep him, for I can't calculate on any other man. When I am there, I intend to them myself, but when I am away, they find out—and I know it—by the act of back-making that I care to have them know."

"That's all nonsense. There's no use in setting up for much special honesty. If everybody else is honest, it is time enough for you to be so; one man undertaken it alone, he'll go to the wall. The fact is, if we tell the worst about our goods, we shall very frequently lose a sale. The chaser will suppose all the while we are saying it, that we have put the actual price upon it, and far beyond what we have admitted. Oh, it won't do at all."

"Just what I've told John over and over."

Honest John! brave John! heroic John!—Our hand warmed towards this unknown, incorruptible one, that kept his integrity through such a fiery ordeal. God bless him and shield him, and deliver him out of the hand of the Philistines!

And this is the way, we thought, that many an employer sets about corrupting the unperverted youth committed to his care and training. This is the sort of nurture under which many a youthful aspirant for a business career is indoctrinated in the meanest of vices. These are the models and examples after which they are intended to pattern in dark mood and their practice, if they would win golden fortune.

We said that we would have a word to say, touching for parents and guardians in the country. We smile at servants' wages, but their only and cents in our memorable lessons of the city. Between what master you spend for their money and what you receive for their services, there is often a vast difference. Without asking leave of absence, they will spend spend all their cash, and will be found at the end of the year, with their slippery knights of temptation, by intimacy with their employers.

And if we might also speak in the ear of such employers, we would say, if you want corrupt your servants, if you want to make them the opposite of morals in trade, why, do it, if you can. Do it if you can. Do it if you can. Be dishonest of all who deal with you; do it till seem honest afraid of you and shy of you; do it till you gain notoriety for dishonesty; do it till God's providences, even in this life, begin to frown upon you, and the world, of the generous, "Honesty is the best policy." Do it, if you must; but don't try your best at cutting down your servants' wages, and then, when those who will not lie for you by keeping back part of their wages, leave you to your fate. Do it as soon as you detect his children trembling, and the fear of God before their eyes, with more accommodating and less scrupulous salesmen.

Many an employer has sins of the kind herein signalled to answer for, which are black with unrepenting guilt, and which, if he does not, with the canvas of lost souls for whom he was greatly responsible, and lifting their laden head toward a retributive, future object of with strength and wrath.

It is laid upon the conscience of each employer, that he watch over the morals of his young men; that he not only refrain from everything in his power and practice encouraging to dishonor and honesty, but that he guard them by timely admonition from going astray; that he understand the nature of the temptationships they form; that he inquire judiciously into the circumstances of their homes, that he be kept their social improvement by opening to them, if he can, the doors of his own family circle, that he interest himself in their Sabbath habits; that he remember to what he is accountable, before he detains one of them to do all the labor and care for all the belongs of the city, for some hours abroad he hopes to secure as a customer.—*Congregationalist.*

Wit and Humor.

THE BLOOMERS.

The Bloomers! they have vanished, their short-lived reign is o'er,
On Washington and Tremont Streets we meet them no more;
They opened round on Beacon Hill, and then oh, what they were!
They were at panoramas, and exhibited for show.

They leered upon one visitor, in every shape and style,
They were in front and in the rear, and they were in profile;
In shortened skirts and pettiloons, with pretty ruffles o'er 'em,
While less contemptuous ones looked on, and "sneered at them."

We saw them at the opera, they met us everywhere,
And coats pants and little feet went up and down the stair.

They rustled in the parlor and lustled in the hall,
They were in the entry and the street, and one and all
They had an opinion of their own, and they would tell what you do, for my eye is on you!"
And from a bunch of sour grapes and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and receive about both. How you ever get to your wet-and-clean and upright, nor have an subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about, but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is beginning to make a sailor of you. He sends an experienced ship-boy aloft to look after you, and that youth grins at you from time to time, and you feel that you are getting on. You are able-bey to captain, has duties which fully occupy every minute of his time—hard duties, often finding, exposure, and very great responsibility, consideration, and proffidence, yields to the boy. The hero of a tale of sea-life never indulges in romantic fancies of any kind. His life and conversation, whether afloat or ashore, are as matter-of-fact as those of a lady or tailor-chandler. He lives a life of extreme hardship, toil, and privation; and the reason he follows the sea all his days is very frequently because three or four years of sea-life totally unfit him for any other calling.

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"Well, I've thought a good many times I should get rid of him, but you see I can trust him entirely; I can leave him in charge of the thing between him and me. I always know what to depend upon where John is concerned. He'd sell his own father, if he thought he could get a few he'd cheat me out of a mill. But I have to keep him, for I can't calculate on any other man. When I am there, I intend to them myself, but when I am away, they find out—and I know it—by the act of back-making that I care to have them know."

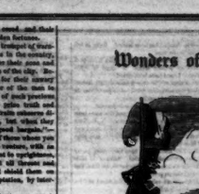
"That's all nonsense. There's no use in setting up for much special honesty. If everybody else is honest, it is time enough for you to be so; one man undertaken it alone, he'll go to the wall. The fact is, if we tell the worst about our goods, we shall very frequently lose a sale. The chaser will suppose all the while we are saying it, that we have put the actual price upon it, and far beyond what we have admitted. Oh, it won't do at all."

"Just what I've told John over and over."

Honest John! brave John! heroic John!—Our hand warmed towards this unknown, incorruptible one, that kept his integrity through such a fiery ordeal. God bless him and shield him, and deliver him out of the hand of the Philistines!

And this is the way, we thought, that many an employer sets about corrupting the unperverted youth committed to his care and training. This is the sort of nurture under which many a youthful aspirant for a business career is indoctrinated in the meanest of vices. These are the models and examples after which they are

Wonders of the Telegraph.



NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND TO THE PURPOSES OF NATIONAL INSULT.

For the Young.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD," BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago, in a pleasant village of New England, lived the little girl whose true story I am about to relate—Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved; not only because she was pretty and bright and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle, and unselfish—so loving and kind. Lizzie had her brothers a few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These, with the children always in school and to church together, and played in their leisure hours.

It happened that one many Autumn afternoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant, and had had a wild, joyous time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She gave them a nice lunch at the usual hour; and, when the visitors, after one last romp, were safely tucked, and said good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone so short a time. Lizzie was carried from her mother, even for a half-hour, without kissing her and telling her she loved her. A good-bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said to herself, "I think that for nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow."

The children played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. They were tired, and very glad to get home; they had yet so many things to tell to each other, and so many questions to ask and answer, that it took place in a certain year. They led to their bedroom, which was overlooked by the mill flowyer, who was wedded to nothing but the law.

"How do you know, wrens, that the secret-look place on the year of?"

"Oh, I am certain I did."

"But mens, how are you certain of it? —We must know what makes you certain of it."

"Well, if you must know, it was the way the sun set the second day was long."

"Well, old lady, can you not be mistaken so as to be sure of anything else?"

Here Judge Story protended against further examination, and said to the Attorney,

"There is no use in this, Mr. Pelnl. The author cannot be mistaken in the age of her own book. She knows how old she is, and her own—go home and ask your wife, and she will tell you."

The blushing Attorney bowed amid the smiles of the bar. He has since taken a wife.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

MR. SHOW DISCOURSETH ON GREATE TOPICK.—"Simelock, my son," said Mr. Show, shaking his head with oracular and owl-like profundity, "I don't see how you can help loving me, for your father never did—he knowd'ed too much for that. Thoughts is prophetic!" and he leaned back. "Simelock, is too precious a thing to be worn out by use, 'cause there's a thousand things of more consekence to look after—the first of which is cultivation by the prophetic power of the mind, dear—there's full enough fools in the world who like to look after such things, without you and me. Now nothing never was born in vain—'twouldn't be a cord of benefit to you, Cull'—as all thinking and reasonable people, as believes 'em lunatics and scoundrels, and that'll save you a good many discussions, and a good deal of time for diggity and dignity, and prudent folks make money. Philosophy and riches is the two things to be sought for, and everything is looming just money. Mind I tell you!" Mr. Show paused, overcome by his own eloquence.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.—*To Correct Astronomical Moon Time into Mean Coral Time.* Take a pencil and multiply the hour of the moon's age by 7, and you will have the number of minutes to be added to the moon's age to find the mean time.

Directions to Measure the Height of Terrestrial Objects. Take a yard measure, and measure it. Another way, unfold it the object be a window, a friend, or a public character, to be measured, and if it is, and if you hit it, you may be sure it is within a reasonable distance.

To Tan a Sow Hide.—Dig a hole in the earth, and set it in. Then dash any, however, seldom known to thirty-two times. The Queen of the London grow up is not composed of old clothes, cotton, and glue, but of fine linen, and is literally celebrated for knowing what's o'clock, with exception to collusion by the prime minister.

Directions to Know the Stars.—Notice whose names are painted largest in the play-bills, and proceeds the theatre. Then go to the office of the manager when he goes up to the Insolvent Court, and that way to know who play at—or rather carelessly when the house is bad, or look milky when applause doesn't come.

BUSINESS AND SENTIMENT.—We are often entertained by the peculiar mixture of business and of sentiment adopted in advertising a death. Here is a specimen from a Scottish paper, sad and sympathetic. We will give a specimen of a new style:

"Died, on the 11th ult., at the shop on First street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew him. Deceased left wife. As a man he was amiable, and as a butter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his heavy loss is not only keenly felt by his relations. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large family to weep over his grave. He was a kind husband and father, and a good friend to all his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of his life, and just as he had concluded a purchase of fell, which he got on cheap, that his widow can supply tenants at a very reasonable charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business."

ADJOURNED HUMILITY.—Rev. Jesse Lee, of early Methodist notoriety, used to tell anecdotes at times so productive of instruction as of levity. He would sometimes refer to a certain Jon Wheaton, a preacher, who was so excessively humble, that he would again and again call himself Jon Wheaton, the weakest of all God's creatures. A colored brother once followed Jon, in the exercises of the meeting, who in his turn, with equal modesty and propriety, solicited the attention of the congregation to the testimony of the weakest of all God's creatures except Jon Wheaton. There is a lesson as well as a laugh in this story.

Selected Articles.

NAPOLEON AND THE REVOLUTION OF THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

Before each bon of hole been unable to the Revolution, and the Directory; but, on the 18th Brumaire, on account of the way in which it was effected by Napoleon, and of the most vivid description of it was given, by Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon. We extract from it a few passages. Napoleon, after his return to Egypt, at the head of the French army, instead of following up the victories which he had gained over the Turks, had returned on finding himself at the head of affairs to France. Without asking leave of absence, he departed from Egypt, and, without such his appearance in Paris. He was received with great rejoicing, and declared himself to be the master of the house, directing himself to the Directory, and to the legislative body, and, notwithstanding its cries, his groans, his gestures of despair, his supplications, he hurried them, coolly, without being moved, out of the hall, and, with the aid of his brother Lucien, who, with the addition of garde, obtained, mid, wild threats and parsley, was converted into a most savory and delicious black-pudding for the rest and his friends, who were waiting in their severance smoking hot on the round table, in the form of a pyramid of fowls, and accompanied by a small Tuscries and a sweet, dish. The magical operation over, Brigitte, with a napkin round her waist, appeared in the dining-room, dressed up the hole in the neck of the turkey, and placed it on the table. Then came a small a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a second course. This trenches were the never happy: Jean Jacques, and the Like Democles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fear; never enjoyed himself. Instead of the cure's bell, and consulting the imagination the applied himself to guide his horse, which he invariably took to his beats before regular his half-way to the door to answer it. Then, in the evening, the good sacristan's wife Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most endearing names, promising that he should help them to shell peas, his supper—nine-o'clock—but the fear of the cure's return in the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered at last, he was forced to go, but not when he would rush into the garden, and stomach. He was sent to bed, but not to sleep; he turned everything in his way; for several minutes it was a regular steeple-chase from one room to the other. Still, he broke through the gooseberry bushes—he jumped over the hedge—he scampered off, but in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled; the vein was then once never more to be seen. The following operations were quietly retired from the scene to make the cure's far-famed black pudding. Half-dead with fear the unfortunate victim remained in the enclosed animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tulip-tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Morvilan curates, their execrable housekeeping, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood.

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But while the area of cultivation is thus comparatively limited, it is worthy of note that Pennsylvania occupies no mean position in an agricultural point of view, on this account that a State ranks higher in this respect than has been generally supposed. While we rank fourth in the list with regard to the area of improved lands, we rank second as regards the value of farming implements and machinery, New York, $22,257,865; Pennsylvania, $14,561,011; Ohio, $12,710,153; Louisiana, $11,326,310; Virginia, $7,021,626.

Thus it will be perceived that our agriculture is not only remarkably productive, but that in the value of live stock our position is nearly as good, viz.—New York, $74,672,356; Pennsylvania, $42,146,711; Ohio, $45,276,187; Virginia, $35,097,952. In those two very important items, Pennsylvania stands in the front of every State except New York and Ohio; and in the matter of agricultural implements and machinery, is much superior to Ohio.

In the matter of Wheat producing, our good old State stands at the head of the list, viz.—Pennsylvania, 15,482,191 bushels; Ohio, 14,487,916 bushels; Virginia, 14,316,350 bushels; New York, 12,571,357 bushels. When we remember the enormous calculations of the Census officers with regard to the vast quantity of Wheat produced by Ohio, and the claim so repeatedly made for her, without denial, that she will exceed any other State in the Union in the production of this cereal, we are a little surprised at the statement.

In the production of Indian Corn, Pennsylvania, with 19,707,702 bushels, ranks above Virginia, 16,147,900 bushels; but these amounts are far exceeded by Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. The production of the six last-named States is enormous, and, when we look at the fact that Kentucky, 58,262,793 bushels; Illinois, 57,179,881 bushels; Indiana, 52,267,554 bushels; Tennessee, 52,157,963 bushels; Missouri, 34,190,842 bushels.

The leading tobacco growing States are Virginia, 56,516,852 pounds; Kentucky, 65,765,259 pounds; Maryland, 23,199,283 pounds; Tennessee, 20,144,280 pounds; North Carolina, 12,866,147 pounds; Missouri, 17,668,964 pounds; Ohio, 31,480,967 pounds; Pennsylvania, 2,849,807 pounds.

Alabama produces the most Cotton; Mississippi ranks second, and Georgia third.

In the production of Wool, Pennsylvania ranks third, New York first, producing 19,921,307 pounds, Ohio, 10,089,607 pounds; Pennsylvania, 4,794,557 pounds.

Our State again ranks second in the production of Flax, Ohio making 44,944 gallons, and Pennsylvania 28,859 gallons.

In the production of Butter, Pennsylvania ranks second, New York producing 52,646,000 pounds; Pennsylvania, 40,554,741 pounds; Ohio, 30,000,000 pounds.

In regard to Cheese, we are succeeded by New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey.

In the production of Sweet Potatoes, Pennsylvania ranks thirty-first, and of the value of a bushel of Irish Potatoes, thirty-second.

In the production of Beeswax, Pennsylvania ranks fifth, New York first, making 94,944 gallons, and Pennsylvania 28,859 gallons.

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In Flaxseed, Ohio ranks first, yielding 165,108 bushels; Kentucky next, 99,450 bushels; New York next, 52,824 bushels; Virginia next, 53,331 bushels; and Pennsylvania next, 47,627 bushels.

In Maple Sugar, Pennsylvania ranks sixth in the list, New York producing 10,240,764 pounds, Vermont, 5,156,541 pounds; Ohio, 4,351,641; Indiana, 3,951,638; Michigan, 2,423,897; Pennsylvania, 2,178,044.

AN UNFORTUNATE PIG.

In an amusing book lately translated and published, concerning the wild sports of a certain district in France, called "Le Morvan," the following account is given of the author's experience in a visit to the cure:—A cure, called in the district of our visitor,—and who, the cure of Precy, except on a few occasions, lived, only on fruit and vegetables—his good sparing of which he was himself a glutton. After a visit to the cure, ventured into those dreadful solitudes, with a view of securing himself with his own gun, a few head of game, which he had promised to his friend, the cure. The cure in question possessed a pig, his whole property, and you will see, in consequence, the manner in which he used it. Immediately the ball announced a visitor, and that his visit was to be a long one, the cure began to think of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, he succeeded in doing, and, to make a long story short, and, notwithstanding its cries, its groans, its gestures of despair, its supplications, the baker, the cook, without being moved, carried off the pig in their arms insensible with the scuffle. Then, with the addition of garlic, shallots, mid, wild thyme and parsley, was converted into a most savory and delicious black-pudding for the rest and his friends, who were waiting in their severance smoking hot on the round table, in the form of a pyramid of fowls, and accompanied by a small Tuscries and a sweet, dish. The magical operation over, Brigitte, with a napkin round her waist, appeared in the dining-room, dressed up the hole in the neck of the turkey, and placed it on the table. Then came a small a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a second course. This trenches were the never happy: Jean Jacques, and the Like Democles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fear; never enjoyed himself. Instead of the cure's bell, and consulting the imagination the applied himself to guide his horse, which he invariably took to his beats before regular his half-way to the door to answer it. Then, in the evening, the good sacristan's wife Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most endearing names, promising that he should help them to shell peas, his supper—nine-o'clock—but the fear of the cure's return in the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered at last, he was forced to go, but not when he would rush into the garden, and stomach. He was sent to bed, but not to sleep; he turned everything in his way; for several minutes it was a regular steeple-chase from one room to the other. Still, he broke through the gooseberry bushes—he jumped over the hedge—he scampered off, but in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled; the vein was then once never more to be seen. The following operations were quietly retired from the scene to make the cure's far-famed black pudding. Half-dead with fear the unfortunate victim remained in the enclosed animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tulip-tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Morvilan curates, their execrable housekeeping, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood.

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